

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 58.

With which is incorporated
The International Socialist Review for Australasia.

SYDNEY: JUNE 3, 1911.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not the struggle naught availeth.
The labor and the wounds are vain.
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

It hopes were dopes, fears may be liars:
It may be in you smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the liars,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the first waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLARKE.

The Passing Show.

BY IGNORUS.

THE Censure Debate in the Legislative Assembly was brought to a close just after seven o'clock on Friday morning last, when the division resulted in a majority of thirteen for the Government. The leaders of both parties express themselves as satisfied with the result. We doubt if organised labor will feel similar satisfaction. The only complaint Mr. Holman has to make is that the speeches were too long. Mr. Wade considers that the amendment did not prolong the discussion by a single day. After the performance of this initial farce, which has ended exactly as everybody knew it would end, the house is now free to proceed with the business of ostensibly legislating for the worker, while all the time continuing to bolster up capitalism, and lull the worker into believing that his best interests are being served. Both parties expressed great anxiety to disconnect themselves with any class warfare or any class representation. What the workers must watch is the subsequent parliamentary record of the 13 who have just now voted to keep the "Labor" Government in power.

Over twenty-eight thousand have still (May 19th) failed to register under the New Zealand "defence scheme." This is as it should be.

There are 257,000 miles of railroad in America owned by five men!

M. Monis, the French Premier, who succeeded the renegade Socialist Briand, is a member of the Girondist party in the French Parliament. It was the Girondists, who represent the middle classes, that tried to betray the French Revolution by acquiescing in the Royalist conspiracy of a foreign invasion of France to oust the *sans-culotte* reign, to re-incorporate royal despotism. It was the Girondists who brought about the reaction, the "White Terror," and eventually struck the death blow to French working-class emancipation in 1793-5. It was the same party who opposed with cannon and bayonet the working-class revolutions of 1848, and the Paris Commune of 1871. M. Monis can consequently be expected to firmly administer the class-made law in the interests of the property owners. The Girondists of France are synonymous with our Labor Party.

Some unknown thinker said:

"Life without industry is guilt.
Industry without art is brutality."

A woman correspondent in the *Worker* has written protesting against the way labor women are being exploited by the Labor Party, made to do the drudgery and hard work, and then excluded, not only from full rights of citizenship, but from speaking in any important occasion on Labor platforms. We, as Socialists sympathise with the predicament of labor women, and we ask, would it not make for greater order and decency in the conduct of public affairs, were we to have women members, sent by the direct mandate of the people to the benches of the Legislative Assembly, instead of having women in the private rooms of the House of Parliament on the invitation of convivial members of that House?

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A test case was heard at Adelaide Police Court last week, when William Burton Humphries, driver in the employ of Henry N. Graves, was fined 10s. and £3 3s costs for having on May 16th disobeyed his employer, by refusing to load "seab" fruit from Renmark at Port Adelaide. Humphries stated that he took his stand as a member of the Drivers' Union, and was carrying out Trade Union orders; he refused to pay the fine, and declared his readiness to go to jail. The Labor Party in power in South Australia is evidently inspired, like our own Labor Party, with the ideal of "class legislation," but it is not the *working class* they stand for—oh no! It's the masters' class that has their sympathy all the time.

At a recent Washington banquet one of the foreign ministers christened the prevailing distrust and suspicion among nations "Dementia diplomatica." Socialists have long called it something of the sort, and have sought to stem the tide of growing militarism. Now the dementia has taken such firm hold of the minds of statesmen that they cannot enjoy a meal in peace, but the fearsome subject must be brought up. America has the craze so bad that General Grant, who is down at the borders of Mexico, cannot accept an invitation to visit the coronation corroboree. He says he is afraid that he may be called upon any moment to keep order or enforce its restoration. We know what that means, for there is no order to keep or enforce just now, seeing that the country is engaged in a civil war, through the insane tyranny of a single despot. The real reason for General Grant's presence is the fact that American capitalists have hundreds of millions invested in Mexican mines and ranches, and the American taxpayer is paying the army to keep an eye on these interests, while the press is shouting for the preservation of order. Another press general, invented most likely to furnish a plausible excuse for General Grant's presence with an army, is to the effect that Mexico has sold a coal station to Japan. Although the rumor has had vigorous official denial it has done its work and has so increased the scare that Grant cannot go to the coronation, but must be ready to rush into the fight at a moment's notice. While the American press is publishing stuff about the restoration of order, General Grant is watching the combatants like a hawk. If they attempt to injure the property of American bondholders, Grant and his men will set about exterminating them as quickly as possible, and so "restore order."

The Salvation Army is issuing a circular asking for funds for an extension of their work in Goulburn-street, Sydney. The object is, as this circular says, "to turn the minds of the masses to God and their soul's salvation." In plain English, this means turning the minds of the masses away from the good things of this world, so that their exploiters may have no difficulty in fleecing them. The exploiters are so taken with the scheme that they have already subscribed sums ranging from £5 up to £1000, which is a good sign that it bodes no real good to the masses. The men who are subscribing are noted for greed, sweating of labor, and Tory politics.

Addressing the Presbyterian Assembly a week or two ago, Rev. Dr. Clouston explained why he wears a "dog collar." He said, "I am one of those who don't care a straw for what people think of my dress, and as for my wearing a dog-collar—well, my wife likes it." He evidently cares more than a straw what one person thinks of his dress, to begin with, but he continued, "I have another reason why I wear clerical attire. I find that when I am visiting a parish the fact of my being in clerical attire gives me an introduction to a great many houses which otherwise I could not get. Except for the distinctive dress there would have to be a great deal of explanation, and I would find that when I knocked at the door and the people saw that I was a minister, it seemed to be a reason why I should be there." He cares more than a straw what the people of the parish think of his dress, and he dresses himself accordingly. He finds that the people worship appearances, and the clerical garb standing for mysticism, religion, fear of death, and the hereafter, he adopts it as a safe passport to the homes of the people. Once there he knows how to do the rest, and he makes himself very comfortable!

As the result of a first levy, the Broken Hill U.L.F. has sent £200 to the Renmark strikers; and in the event of the strike continuing, have promised further help.

The Imperial Conference opened in London on May 24th, and Mr. Asquith, in his opening speech, stated: "That he believed there was throughout the conference one spirit and one purpose—to make the Empire and all its parts a more complete and effective instrument for the furtherance of corporate unity along the road of British liberty." That's what he said, don't you know? And he said that because the words "unity" and "liberty" and "British" sound good, and are useful "paper currency," which never, under the present system, has to be paid in sterling gold. We Socialists affirm there can be no unity in the Empire as long as the class struggle is being fought out with ever-increasing intensity every year; there can be no liberty, either with the British or any other label, until the workers throughout the world have achieved industrial liberty. And the working class may take it from us that neither liberty nor unity will ever be gained by them as long as Asquith, the "Featherstone assassin" is in power, and as long as a Liberal-Labor understanding is helping to keep him in power.

At the last meeting of the Domestic Workers' Union the following resolution was carried and ordered to be sent to the Acting Premier, Mr. Holman—

"That this union strongly protests against the action of the Acting Premier, Mr. Holman, in inducing domestic immigrants to come here before he has made himself acquainted with the conditions under which they are now working, and the manner in which they are being exploited and victimised by means of the private registry offices, and requests an immediate inquiry into the conditions of all women workers."

We are informed that the circulation of the New Zealand *Social-Democrat* is 7,500. Comrades of New South Wales, it is up to you to go one better with THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST. This not a question of competition; it is a question of co-operation.

Comrade Mills' lectures at the Protestant Hall were attended by audiences that increased every evening in their enthusiasm and interest. We were glad to note among his spell-bound listeners Mr. H. C. L. Anderson, M.A., Under Secretary for Agriculture; Mr. J. Dawson, M.A., and Mr. R. J. Irvine, of the Public Service Board. Success to the seeds of Socialism sown in Sydney!

Under the heading, "Pardonable Pride," the daily press recently published some views of delegates to the Oddfellow's Conference held in Melbourne. The Lord Mayor of Melbourne, in welcoming the delegates, said Melbourne was "the loveliest spot on earth to live in." Alderman Clarke (Sydney) said, "he had just left the most beautiful city in Australasia." Brother Leane (South Australia) said "other capitals might be beautiful, but Adelaide was the loveliest of them all." Brother Foreman (West Australia) said "Perth had not only the finest climate in Australia, but in the world." Brother H. Cleveland (Tasmania) said "he came from a State whose climate was unrivalled. It was the sanatorium of the south." Brother J. W. Walker (Queensland) said his own State "was the most progressive in the Commonwealth."

The above was near the limit of provincial aberration, and is closely akin to the madness known as patriotism. Patriotism and provincialism are pumped into men and women from their early infancy, and they grow up to believe that their country is the finest on earth; their State the most progressive in their country; and their town the most sanitary and intellectual in their State. Melbourne health authorities declared, a week or two ago, that the milk supply of Melbourne was three times as free from bacteria in midsummer as Sydney milk is in the dead of winter; and Sydney health authorities thought the statement so preposterous as to be beneath notice. It is a shock to such people to hint that there are people in other towns and cities of their State who can do some things better than they can, while to assert that foreigners in other countries are equal to us in anything, is tantamount to a challenge to fight.

The puddlers at the Lithgow ironworks, owned by that philanthropist, Mr. Hoskins, are, according to Mr. Dixon, the secretary of the Lithgow branch of the Federated Ironworkers of Australia, "not on strike," but just at present they are "not working." Some of these puddlers who do the hardest and most exhausting work in the iron trade, have been drawing recently, only £3 a fortnight, and their underhands anything from 30s to £2; this, in spite of the fact that the award provides that the hourly wage should be 1s 6d an hour for puddlers, and 10d per hour for underhands. In America puddlers receive 26s 9d a ton, in England 8s 8d, and in Lithgow 18s a ton. Furthermore, the puddlers here have to work 10, 11, and 12 hours to earn that, whereas, in the other two countries they turn out more in a less number of hours. This, as we all know, is a "working man's paradise"; so it *must* be the fault of the puddlers that they have such long hours, such exhausting work, and such poor pay! It couldn't possibly be the fault of the gentleman who draws such comfortable houses from a Labor Government for puddled iron!

Everything has its use—even a newly-arrived immigrant! This the Brisbane gas strikers found to their cost when the South Brisbane Gas Company filled the places of the men on strike with men who had just landed as immigrants to that colony.

The "Alderman English" faction of the Globe P.L.L. scored a victory the other night at the special meeting held by the Executive of the Party with Mr. Lamond in the chair. The meeting was called with the purpose of formally expelling English; but when the ballot was taken as to whether he was to be allowed as a member of the Globe P.L.L. to remain in the room, it was decided by 36 votes to 21 that he should keep him seat. Mr. Lamond then declared the meeting closed, and the fun, with fists and revolvers, began.

A New York preacher has made the horrible discovery that Socialism is revolutionary. Well, so was early Christianity.

Their are neither good nor bad people in this world—there are just people!

The "Capitalist politicians" in the United States think they can stop Evolution with a few laws.

Fancy stopping the trusts with anti-trust legislation!

Fancy facing a glacier with a pea-rifle and saying, Stop! or I will fill you full of holes!

The cost of living in the United States has gone up 60 per cent within the last few years. Wages have risen 15 per cent.—CHAS. EDWARD RUSSELL.

It is only when social movements have reached into past history, so that they can be viewed in the larger perspective and without the irritation created by all contemporary disturbance of established conditions, that the church with pride turns around to claim that it was she who abolished slavery, aroused the people to liberty, and emancipated woman.—PREF. RYSCHEMUSCH.

The Labor Party of South Africa has taken its stand boldly with the Socialists. It declares itself for the gradual socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

There is but one way of escape from the armed camp of modern industry—but one way of escape from the impending mutual self-destruction of the greatest nations. That is to provide for a purchasing power for the workers everywhere as great as their power to produce. As there would then be no great social injustice to enforce at home, the soldier would not be needed. Because all the workers could always buy all that all the workers could produce, there would be markets for all and international war would become impossible. The disbanding of armies, the abandonment of armaments will speedily follow the coming of industrial justice. This is not "stirring up discontent for its own sake." This is putting the workers next to a situation which will forever kill their interest in war. Pass the word along—that to join the army, to support the army, to have anything to do with armies or navies is a betrayal of the working class.—WALTER T. MILLS.

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To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. Therefore short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor." No private communication must be included.

Every contribution must bear the writer's name not necessarily for publication.

Contributions received later than Wednesday cannot be guaranteed insertion in following week's issue.

Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office are urged to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy; and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

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It is our conviction that no workingman can clearly understand what Socialism means without becoming and remaining a Socialist. It is simply impossible for him to be anything else and the only reason that all workingmen are not Socialists is that they do not understand what it means.

—EUGENE V. DEBS.

Capitalism and Idealism.

BY W. E. W.

AUTUMN, the season when poets fondly admire the warm rich colors of the landscape, and make harvest songs of the wonders of life and the ideal fabric of their dreams, has come once more; but while the sun is steadily withdrawing his heat from the earth, and poets and idealists are dreaming of the beauties of nature and the seasons, there are others for whom life is a round of business and money-getting. To these last the autumn signals only a material harvest and a tally of the year's yield. They are engaged in the daily give-and-take of practical shrewdness.

To the practical people the growth of material prosperity and increasing wealth, and the massing of figures in portentous aggregates, are symbols of national worth.

They seldom pause to contemplate relative values, for such contemplation is an unpleasant exercise to them. Having no ideals, or sense of the beautiful side of life, they go blindly on amassing wealth, hoping that the next thousand will bring the happiness which never comes, until it is all too late and they awaken to the fact that he who has only money is poor indeed.

Success, and the attainment of easy and comfortable circumstances is desirable, but of what use are success, easy circumstances, or wealth, without the power of transmuting them into happiness, for their possessor and for those about him? One of the most pathetic spectacles in life is the man or woman who lives in the midst of wealth and the fruits of material achievement, but who is untouched or not influenced by some refining issue or worthy ideal.

Such a one is fiercely engaged in a life-long quest for wealth, and may perhaps employ great powers in the attainment of success, only to end in a travesty of happiness, in which every faculty of mind has been dominated by a kind of money-mania. He or she is unsatisfied or incapable of satisfaction. The wealth of all the stars in the Milky Way would not compensate a nation for such a miserable ending to the efforts of its

people, and yet it is to such a goal that millions in all modern nations are tending.

The ideal of every capitalist community is one of material prosperity, and there is on all sides the melancholy evidence of this worship of the grossly material. The growth of refinement or of worthy ideals is slow and feeble. The blatant hoarding, the picture show, and the boxing arena, grow strongly with us, while poetry, painting, and art generally are starved and dwarfed in infancy.

The Capitalistic state is powerless to stay or curb the lust for wealth, for the state has too long been in the hands of the wealthy. The welfare of the state is grossly subordinated to class interests by men of primitive understanding and interests who cannot act disinterestedly. The Church has no living issue, and contents itself with rattling the bones of its defunct ideal.

Bishop Weldon recently asked: "Is it not too late to humanise a church preaching serenely the religion of Jesus Christ and voting in an almost solid phalanx against every attempt at the practical realisation of Christ's doctrines?" And the Dean of Manchester, realising the state of the church, said in a recent sermon, "Of all the paradoxes on earth, nothing is more paradoxical than that the religion of Him who was a simple working man should be the religion of the rich and not of the poor." The fact is, Christianity is the Capitalistic religion, and is behind the times and the growth of modern thought. The poor are commencing to see that it is the religion of the rich, who have no ideals beyond material wealth. The ideals of the poor are higher than those of the church or its rich preachers and patrons, and the influence of such ideals is seen in the self-sacrifice and enthusiasm with which they enter and conduct political and other movements which promise some measure of freedom. Even in their spendthrift extravagance, the poor are great, and nearer to nature's heart than the rich, for they show a simple trust in the forces of nature to provide them with to-morrow's sustenance.

The divine ideal of the church then is dead, and cannot be recalled to life. Its preachers have long been entangled in a mesh of party and sectarian squabbles, and dissociated from the original ideal.

The Universities of all capitalistic nations are out of touch with the people, for they have fallen into the hands of directors who only look to the mental equipment of so many doctors, lawyers, and preachers each year, who shall take their turn in the great social scramble for wealth and power. It is a notorious fact that few great scientists come from the universities, and still fewer poets, painters, and writers, and the reason is that the rewards of materialism are greater than the rewards of idealism. Poets, painters, prose writers, musicians, and all who minister to the idea's of national refinement, must be content to linger in poverty, in sight of those who are sated with every luxury by nations which are given up to the worship of a greedy materialism. The late Herbert Spencer once declared that he had been fortunate in having escaped a modern university education, and yet the vast majority dwell in the pathetic belief that a university education presupposes the summit of refinement. Not that there are not able and good men in the professorial chairs in the different universities, for there are such, but they are powerless against the directorial and public demand for the knowledge of the tricks of the trades.

Perhaps the clearest view of the failure of our civilisation may be obtained from the columns of the daily press. There are good men in the editorial chairs, just as there are good men in the chairs of the universities, but they are powerless in face of the sordid tide of capitalistic materialism.

Politics and commercialism, class interests and advertising, shriek together in a fearful babel in the columns of the press, and every stream is turned so as to bring water to its mills. In odd columns there is a feeble outcry at infrequent times for something higher and better, but mostly the press is given up to unclean sports, tainted social gossip, dead religion, and gross ideals. Strange to say, the multitude bless themselves with the belief that they possess a free press; a press which leads the way to a higher and better civilisation. A faint gleam of intelligence now and then illumines the editorial columns, and it is hinted darkly that nationality implies far more than material wealth, and that a people's happiness depends a great deal upon the culture of refining influences, but the gleam is soon overcast by the dark clouds of class-selfishness in the neighboring columns. Vested interests receive first consideration in pulpit, press, and on the political platforms of all parties, while worthy ideals scarcely receive a thought.

Taking Sydney as the leading city of Australasia, and a typical development of Capitalism, we can see how life on its esthetic side is regarded. Architects are full of business, but where are the noble buildings worthy of modern times? A certain class is prosperous, and architecture and building are kept down to the level of its ideals. No art manifestation of any kind is keeping pace with prosperity. Societies devoted to intellectual pursuits are languishing, and are no more numerous or vigorous than they were a quarter of a century ago. Music has only been kept from dying by the poor rallying round the town band. As it is, it is but a sorry sound, for there is no inducement for any musical genius to display his powers. Poetry is laughed at, and openly discouraged. The beauty spots around an ideal harbor, and adjacent to the finest ocean beaches in the world, have been sold by blind statesmen to business-men to auctioneer with. The total result of all our marvellous growth in material prosperity to-day is a city of crooked streets and dusty parks, no whit better planned than a fourth-rate provincial town.

And the people who inhabit Sydney, what have they developed into? Thackeray says: "He who meanly admires mean things is a snob," and if this is true, and it does seem difficult to controvert, then there are a vast number of snobs in Sydney and other Australasian cities, for they meanly admire mean things. "Give me a barleycorn," said Esop's barnyard cock, "before all the jewels in the world"; and, similarly, the means for buying meat and drink is the aim and end of our so-called leaders.

The meanest and most worthless members of society are held in the highest esteem. The one who has never soiled his hand with any useful act is the ideal of perfection, while the utmost contempt is felt for the useful toilers of the community. Surely there is something wrong with the education of a people when its affairs are so wrong-way up; when those who think such things wrong are regarded as fools and dreamers, if not worse. Thackeray's famous description of the snobs of our civilisation is still true and applicable.

The increase, encouragement, and maintenance of snobs are among the "priceless services," as Lord John Russell says, "which we owe to the nobility." It can't be otherwise. A man becomes enormously rich, or he jobs successfully in aid of a minister, or he wins a great battle, or executes a treaty, or is a clever lawyer who makes a multitude of fees, and ascends the Bench; and the country rewards him forever with a gold coronet (with more or less balls or leaves) and a title, and a rank as legislator. "You,

merits are so great," says the nation, "that your children shall be allowed to reign over us, in a manner. It does not in the least matter that your eldest son be a fool, we think your services so remarkable that he shall have the reversion of your honors when death vacates your noble shoes. If you are poor, we will give you such a sum of money which shall enable you, and the eldest born of your race forever to live in fat and splendor. It is our wish that there should be a race set apart in this happy country who shall hold the first rank, have the first prizes and chances in all government jobs and patronages. We cannot make all your dear children peers—that would make peerage common and crowd the House of Lords uncomfortably—but the young ones shall have everything a government can give. They shall get the pick of all the places. They shall be captains and lieutenant-colonels at nineteen, when hoary-headed old lieutenants are spending thirty years at drill. They shall command ships at one-and-twenty, and veterans who fought before they were born. And as we are eminently a free people, and in order to encourage all men to do their duty, we say to any man of any rank: Get enormously rich, make immense fees as a lawyer, or great speeches, or distinguish yourself and win battles—and you, even you, shall come into the privileged class, and your children shall reign naturally over ours."

With Thackeray we may well ask how can we help modern meanness and snobbishness with national ideals and institutions which make for its worship? How can we help cringing to titled upstarts and money-maniacs, when all the efforts of pulpit, press, and parliament are directed to that end. When to blindly admire and grovel before toadyism is the plainest proof of respectability. What wonder that our highest sculpture is a king's or queen's statue; that our finest temples are dedicated to the worship of mammon; that our best painters' work is spread on our lying public hoardings; and that our best writers are engaged in glorifying those who worship at the shrine of the golden calf—the ancient symbol of the creator of gross material prosperity.

Empire Day.

Or Socialism versus Imperialism.

BY JOSEF E. MONTEFIORE.

WHILE I am writing, the big bon-ton is being beaten and flags are being waved calling on the people of Australia to celebrate "Empire Day." Let us imagine an intelligent stranger landing in our midst, and witnessing the flag-waving of the 20,000 school children, and the 5,000 teachers, which took place on May 21. Let us then follow him as he attends the meeting of citizens presided over by the Lieutenant-Governor at University Hall, the concert in St. Andrew's Cathedral, the British Empire dinner, and—significant fact—the "usual meeting of commercial men in the Royal Exchange," and then let us attempt to reply to his bewildered questions as to the meaning of this extraordinary annual celebration.

Intelligent Stranger: You tell me these people are all, in their several ways celebrating Empire Day. Why are they all so attached to the Empire?

Socialist: Because, according to the *Sydney Morning Herald* of May 23, 1911, "It is the greatest empire the world has ever seen."

I.S. (looking puzzled): You mean it is good for the little children who are waving those flags, and for the workers who are constructing those tall buildings which we just passed, and for the stout gentlemen whom we met on the Stock Exchange to live under this thing you call "Empire"?

Soc.: Yes, it is certainly good for the stout gentleman—but some of us are not quite so sure if it is good for the children and the workers.

I.S.: Perhaps you will be so kind as to explain what is the Empire?

Soc.: The Empire is the Industrial Despotism of which George Weylin (who is soon to have a crown put on his head) is the show figure-head, while the real rulers and wire-pullers are the stout gentlemen you observed on the Stock Exchange.

I.S.: And for what purpose does the Empire exist?

Soc.: To assure power, privilege, and profits to the picked and chosen people, whom the god of Empire, when he is properly invoked in St. Andrew's Cathedral, protects.

I.S.: But neither the children, nor the teacher, nor the workmen appear to be powerful or privileged people; why then do they seem so enthusiastic about Empire?

Soc.: That is just the point. To make Imperialists and believers in the benefits of Empire, you must catch them young, and before they have begun to reason. That is why those who have all the power and the privilege take some of the children—only about 880, and give them a cheap and filling meal on Empire Day. Then those children associate henceforth the idea of Empire with a full stomach, and sports and games, and pretty little flags—none of which things they get every day; and thus they subconsciously connect "Empire" with something vaguely joyful and pleasant. And so they become Imperialists without knowing it.

I.S.: And the teachers of the children, they of course are fulfilling the most important function in the State, because they are training and developing its future citizens. They therefore will be among the most powerful and privileged in the Empire; and that is why, no doubt, they are so interested in the celebration?

Soc.: No. I regret to say that under the Empire the teachers are among the least considered and the worst paid of the community. Even here, where the women have some little political power, some of the women teachers are even worse paid than are the men. You observe those young girls who are showing such efficiency and devotion, marshalling and caring for their little charges; they've had for years to struggle on as best they could with a less wage than the men teachers who are doing similar work.

I.S.: But surely people who are so badly treated under your "Empire," and yet who continue to put up with such conditions are not intelligent or developed enough to teach and train others. I cannot understand why they are helping the children to shout for Empire! . . . Are there not some other children who are specially celebrating this festival?

Soc.: Yes; according to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, "there will also be a demonstration by the children of the 'ragged school' in the afternoon, when the little ones will enjoy a treat."

I.S.: A "ragged school"; what sort of a school is that?

Soc.: Oh, that is a school for the poorest children in the Empire; the children, you know, who are too poor and too dirty and too miserable to go to school with the others.

I.S. (with increasing surprise): But I thought your Empire was the greatest and the richest. . . .

Soc. (interrupting): Yes, yes, don't repeat that; it makes us tired. Just take it from me that there are in the Empire tens of thousands of those "ragged school" children. But don't you understand, they are going to get a treat on one day in the year. Isn't that enough to make them shout for Empire all the rest of their lives?

I.S. (doubtfully, and rather sorrowfully): Poor little mites! (Then changing the subject and with renewed interest) And now tell me about those stout gentlemen, who, as your newspaper said, "Of course had their annual meeting at the Stock Exchange."

Soc.: Well, what do you want to know about them?

I.S.: Why did the newspapers say "of course"?

Soc.: Why, because it is "of course" for them.

I.S.: But why "of course"?

Soc.: Why, because the Empire is made for them; it links up all their business interests, and provides Dreadnoughts, and builds small arms factories, and trains young men and boys to protect their commerce, and makes "All Red Routes" and lays cables, and offers prizes for aeroplanes, and ships young women out to the Colonies as wives or otherwise for its pioneers of "Empire," and provides coronations and Imperial Conferences, and Durbars, and pageants to keep the mass of the people amused and occupied, and the leaders of the people banqueting and invested with orders, and bedizened, and corrupted, while they (the stout gentlemen) work the cables and pull the wires, and fix the prices, and scoop in the profits, and make for themselves power and privilege.

I.S.: Yes, I begin to see why they "of course" celebrate your Empire Day. But they seem very few; why don't the many who do not appear to profit very much by "Empire" start something better than "Empire"; something that might benefit the workers, and give their children a good meal

every day; some plan, don't you know, which might do away with these "ragged schools" you speak of, and let ALL the children of the Empire attend the same sort of schools, and enjoy the opportunities that all children should have?

Soc.: Well, some of the most intelligent among us have for some years now been interpreting to the workers just the sort of plan that you suggest. We have pointed out that these few stout gentlemen and their friends are living and parasiting on the many who do the real and hard work of the world; and we suggest that "Empire" among other things is helping to keep these gentlemen where they are, and the ragged school children WHERE THEY ARE. We say further, that all the industrial concerns which these stout gentlemen own, and control, and manipulate, and use to fix the wages of the people, and the price of the people's food and clothing and house rent, should be owned and controlled by all the people, for the benefit of all the people; and that then there need be no "ragged schools," and no ill-paid teachers, and no underpaid women who are without full control in the management of the affairs of the country.

I.S.: What an excellent plan that sounds; what do you call it?

Soc.: We call it Socialism, and there are seven millions of us Socialists working for the success of this plan throughout the world.

I.S.: Are your numbers growing?

Soc.: Yes; and because we are in line with evolution, they must grow more and more rapidly. Our plan is to socialise the wealth of the world, and let it be used freely by all those who help to create it. We shall then have no use for the stout gentleman on the Stock Exchange, nor for those in Threadneedle Street; and they, and the "celebration of Empire Day," will disappear at the same time.

I.S.: What was the name of the man who first thought of this scientific and intelligent plan for abolishing poverty, and bringing in a better system of organising the industries of the world?

Soc.: His name was Karl Marx, and he died just a quarter of a century ago. Everything that is new and valuable in economics, and to a large extent in history, is based upon his investigations. Twenty-five years ago, four men in England, who had read and studied his interpretation, tried to get the starving English people to abandon the idea of "Empire," and to follow the red flag of Socialism. Their names were Hyndman, Williams, Champion, and John Burns, and they were arrested and tried at the Old Bailey for seditious conspiracy; but were eventually triumphantly acquitted. Of these four, Hyndman and Williams are still fighting and organising for Socialism in England; Champion is doing the same in Melbourne; but John Burns has dropped the red flag, has changed his coat, has deserted the party of the people, and has taken office in the party of privilege. He is now standing for "Empire" as against Socialism.

I.S.: This is all very interesting; and is the same fight between Imperialism and Socialism going on in other countries?

Soc.: Yes, the United States are coquetting with the Imperialistic ideal, and freak Roosevelt is an exponent and a tout of Imperialism. But the Socialists are all well-organised there, and their vote in the States increases at every election. In Germany the organised Social-Democrats are defying their Emperor and his medieval ideas of Empire, both in Parliament and out of Parliament, and Socialist members of Parliament are refusing to vote for the Imperial budgets which provide the sinews of war for building Dreadnoughts and training conscripts. In Japan, the Emperor, in order to save his "Empire," has lately put to death, after a secret trial, a whole band of devoted Socialists; and we know that where men and women die for a cause there the seed that is sown must be good, strong and healthy.

I.S.: Your emblem, you say, is a red flag; surely, if the "Empire" folk make such a point of the children of the workers saluting the flag of "Empire," it would be worth the while of the Socialists to teach their children to salute the red flag of International Industrial Freedom; and every child of a Socialist parent should on one day of the year, carry a small red flag, and be taught the meaning of the emblem.

Soc.: Your idea is an excellent one; if we can get the children NOW, we shall get the next generation in a few years' time; and as the motto of us Revolutionary Socialists is "Education towards Revolution" there is no doubt we should begin our revolutionary education here and now among the children.

I.S.: And while you are about it don't forget the mothers! A revolutionary mother will prove the best "serum culture" for spreading revolution; because she has the impressionable and plastic intelligence of her own and other children on which to work.

Well, I'm off now, but my last word as a well-wisher is "Don't forget the mothers!" I shall be back in about ten years; and I hope by that time, instead of your stout gentlemen sending round the word for the celebration of "Empire Day" I shall find the people of this fine country sending round the word for the celebration of the "Day of Industrial Freedom." (Exit.)

Soc. (in deep thought): How I wish that all the workers could have heard that fellow's questions; it might have started some of them thinking on the right tack.

Adult Suffrage in England.

THE annual farce of allowing a Women's Suffrage Bill, based on a property qualification to pass its second reading in the English Parliament has been once more perpetrated this session; and after the abrupt death of this strangled legislative infant it has been buried with much pomp in a demonstration at the Albert Hall, and in the usual suffrage parade through the principal streets of London. Then the Women's Suffrage Societies send round the hat, and begin preparations for next year's little Bill. This year, for a change, the Bill was framed on the lines of giving the vote "exclusively to women possessing the householder's qualification," and the poor deluded middle-class women supporters of this new bulwark of property and privilege, expected a Government, which is only kept in power through the support of the political Labor Party, to put through a measure, whose principle is year after year scornfully rejected by the Labor Party Conference, while a resolution is passed demanding nothing short of Adult Suffrage! These middle class women are spending between £20,000 and £30,000 a year in this fight for the enfranchisement of bricks and mortar, and because they will not face the enfranchisement of human beings they are bound to lose. Meanwhile the Anti-suffrage Society is spending several thousands more in agitating that no woman should have the vote. This same business of the fight between suffrage and anti-suffrage women is going on also in America, and is thus commented on in an American Socialist weekly—

The spectacle of organized societies of women pleading before a legislature against the granting of woman suffrage must of itself constitute an immensely more powerful argument than any they could present in words. An infant chewing its own toe or a small boy kicking himself on the shin is the only parallel that suggests. Possibly "anti" campaigns are planned with just this point in view.

That a woman will expend railroad fare to the State capital, give a week of her time to hanging about committee rooms and finally put forth valuable breath for the sake of libelling herself and her sex would be merely inconceivable if it did not actually happen. At a recent hearing at Albany not one but dozens of women went through these motions.

It is an obvious suggestion that individuals who so misdirect their energies are induced either by the chance of self-advertisement or by the feminine impulse to disagree gustily.

But haply the matter goes further.

The influence of women of the trading class is deadly reactionary. Women who enjoy a sufficiency are almost universally subject to the bacillus of social ambition. Men of the trading class, bourgeois, average retainers of the present order, are frequently open to conversion to the proletarian movement. Their wives and sisters, almost never. Who can measure what a force for greed, oppression and corruption lies in the women of the capitalist strata with their cold selfishness and their clamor for gain?

Perhaps an explanation for such a phenomenon as the "antis" is to be sought here, regarding them as representatives of a conscious effort to bolster the existing system and to stay the advance of democracy.

As a matter of fact it is only the scientific Socialist who is sound on this point of full citizen rights for women. Mr. Asquith regrets that members of his Whig-Liberal Government "are still divided regarding its expediency"; and the members of the P.L.L. Conference in Sydney this year, turned down a resolution demanding full citizen rights for women. But Eugene Debs, the incarnate spirit of revolutionary Socialism, writes of the progress of the movement in America: "The battle against ignorance and prejudice is practically won, and the remaining strongholds will soon fall before the onslaughts that are being made upon them." And yet women do not join the Socialist ranks in the numbers in which they should. Queer, isn't it? But they seem to prefer the political parties which systematically snub them!

B.S. Lithgow, writes:—

The strike on Moree-Mungindi railway, referred to in your last issue, was not a question of horses and drays, but of horses and scoops. Now, as the man handles the scoop and practically shares the work with the horse, he also requires a bit of practice to become an expert. Private employers in the back country pay a scooper up to 9s per day, and as the decision given in the Trolley and Draymen Award, 6s per day was allowed for a horse, 15s appears to be a very reasonable demand, climatic and other conditions considered. How the supporters of that astute statesman, Griffith, must appreciate such a masterpiece of legislation as the breaking of a strike out on the black soil plains of the Queensland border! When will the workers in the P.L.L. discover how they have been duped by the politicians of their choice? It has taken 20 years to place them in power and give them an opportunity of showing the capitalists that they have nothing to fear from them.

Race Decadence.

Mr. Roosevelt has been once more shouting through a megaphone his rather stale cry of "The empty cradle." He has been moved to the depths of his ex-presidential soul by the reading of a book of little importance by an Australian writer on this subject, and the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, after quoting in full his hysterical outbreak in "The Outlook," called upon certain well-known clerics, writers, and statesmen to give their views on the matter. Among those asked to contribute was our Acting-Editor, Dora B. Montefiore, and she replied in this wise—

"Mr. Roosevelt states in his rather crude and unscientific accusations in an article by him, which appeared in 'The Outlook,' of April 8, that the decline in the birthrate in Australia and New Zealand demonstrates beyond possibility of refutation that the decline is not due to economic forces. I reply, that if Mr. Roosevelt would look deeper, he would find that, not only in New Zealand and Australia, but in all the other countries at which he points the finger, the decline is in great part due to economic forces. Does Mr. Roosevelt realise the uncertainty of economic life everywhere, for the wage-earner, whether of the proletariat or of the middle class? Does he know how much harder it is for a married couple with 'encumbrances' to get a job than for a couple without such 'encumbrances'? Does he even glimpse the fact that the young working man is beginning to understand how his wife and family are made hostages in every outbreak of industrial warfare; and that to the unionist who desires to be loyal to his class the words of the jingo Kipling apply.

Down to Gehenna, or up to the throne,
He rides the fastest who rides alone.

"Does Mr. Roosevelt, whilst apostrophising 'the wife and mother, the high priestess of the race,' ever condescend to think what wifehood and motherhood mean to the wife of the man who has to seek work at a distance, and whose poor 'home' is constantly being uprooted and rattled off to some other spot on the globe where someone wants cheap labor? Or to the wife and mother whose husband is out of employment during the long winter months, or is sick in hospital, smitten with miners' phthisis, or phossy jaw, or some other industrial complaint; or the wife and mother who would willingly give her children better educational advantages, but is forced to see bright, intelligent little ones removed from school at thirteen or fourteen, and put to some exhausting job before their strength is fitted for it? All these disadvantages the bulk of the mothers of the nation have to put up with, and until these disadvantages are removed, and bread and clothing and shelter, and education, primary, secondary, and technical or university, be assured to every child of the race, we conscious evolved women who feel the responsibility of social motherhood, reply to Mr. Roosevelt in the words of the French women, whom he states were the first to revolt in this matter: 'Il faut faire le pain avant de faire l'enfant.'"

"We have been accustomed," says Havelock Ellis, in that most valuable book of his "Sex in Relation to Society," to say in later days that the State needs children, and that it is the business and the duty of women to supply them. But the State has no more right than the individual to ravish a woman against her will. We are beginning to realise that if the State wants children, it must make it agreeable to women to produce them, as under natural and equitable conditions it cannot fail to be."

Mr. Havelock Ellis has in the same volume described, though not by name, Mr. Roosevelt and his present campaign. "From time to time many energetic persons have noisily demanded that a stop should be put to the decline of the birthrate." And he further proves that most cases of degeneracy and nervous instability arise among the members of large families, while he sums up his defence of control of the birthrate, combined with a scientific study of eugenics in these words: "For it is only in a community which increases slowly that it is possible to secure the economic adjustment and environmental modification necessary for a sane and wholesome personal and civic life." Let us not forget that Mr. Roosevelt is essentially a man of war and that his energetic and noisy demand is the old demand of all States based on militarism—the demand for "food for cannon."

We have received the April number of the *Industrialist*, the official organ of the Industrial League, which contains an excellent article by George H. Hill on "The Workers' Position," in which he urges the workers to revolt in the following strenuous words: "Stand up like men, and compel the 'boss' to yield to your demands by the might of your organisation. Do this for yourselves, for no one can do these things for you, and no one has the intention to bring these things about, be they politicians, parsons, labor leaders, or whatever they may choose to call themselves."

Leaders need to remember they are only flies on the wheel of progress. They do not make progress, and unless they are careful may be crushed in the next sweep onward.

The Class War.

BY DINGLE.

THE Coronation corroboree is drawing nigh, and patriotism and loyalty are becoming rampant.

The rich patriots and loyalists are cunning. They say our King is our sire, and our country our mother, and the poor, who have neither royal father, nor bountiful mother, believe them.

It is to the interest of rich loyalists and patriots to foment patriotism and loyalty amongst their dupes, for by patriotism and loyalty they unite rich and poor together—the robbers and their victims, the wolves and the sheep.

It is indispensable for the exploiting class, that their victims should be induced to believe that the interests of rich and poor are identical.

By spreading this belief in king and country—loyalty and patriotism—the rich are able to take all the profit of a country to themselves, while the poor take all the hard tasks, and shoulder the heavy burdens.

Patriotism and loyalty in England, and most other countries, mask the class antagonism which exists, and delude the poor workers into believing that their rich countrymen are friends, and not enemies.

The class antagonism being masked, the rich are able to lead the poor, keep them poor, and prolong and facilitate their own domination.

The coronation folly is part of the class war, inasmuch as it provides an occasion for servility, grovelling, and the glorification of autocracy.

The poor are not invited to any of the feasting and junketing, but they may go and see the stummers of their wealthy exploiters. And these functions of crawling before titles and wealth, are designed to accentuate class distinctions; to band the rich more firmly together against their victims.

Militarism. What do the workers want to fool about capitalistic defence for? The exploiters have robbed them, and they now call on the exploited to defend the wealth taken from them. Deliverance doesn't lie in the direction of drilling to defend the exploiters, but in educating towards attacking them. We don't want to war with the workers of any other nation; we want to federate with them, so that we may have International working-class solidarity—a grand, Red International. When this is consummated, we can rest in security, for we can then stop war and disband the soldiery.

The law is often used as a powerful weapon against the workers by their political opponents, and in several states of the Commonwealth the workers are fined for telling the truth. Alfred Curtis and George A. Main were recently fined at Melbourne for calling some fellows, "scabs, blacklegs, and mongrels." The names were applied to parties who took the places of harvester strikers.

The present howl against Japan in the capitalist press means something. Every occasion is taken to insult Japan, and to evoke a breach of the peace. Every act of that country is viewed with suspicion, and funny little men, like Dr. Arthur, are hysterically pointing to the supposed danger of Japanese invasion, though they don't satisfactorily explain why Japan should want to invade Australia.

The real grievance against Japan is that she is capturing the foreign markets which our capitalists think they should capture. Japan's trade increased from 70 millions dollars in 1891 to 450 millions in 1910—that hurts, and to paraphrase Bill Nye, "we are ruined by Japanese cheap labor." Capital must do two things at once: it must insult Japan, and try to provoke her to attack or threaten us; and at the same time howl to Australia to get ready to fight her, pursue a vigorous immigration policy to fill up our empty territory, and have sufficient numbers to defend it. That is all salt which capital is putting on the tail of the "oof" bird. Capital wants immigrants, not to fight Japan with warriors; but with exploited, cheaper slaves than the exploiters of Japan have. Japanese Socialist papers should copy this par, and local workers should make a note of it.

In a few weeks the press will be full of disgusting descriptions of the Coronation procession. It will tell us how many thousands took part; how many hours it lasted; how long it took to pass some given point; what regiments took part, and every other nauseating detail; but it will not tell how many exploited paupers it passed, nor how they were heartlessly robbed to pay for the show by the fellows in the procession.

No true labor man can be other than a Socialist, and no true Socialist would go and take part in a coronation corroboree, or a banquet, or other function organised by the rich, who organise such things to mask class antagonism and win over the unthinking leaders of the deluded workers.

No true Socialist would join to hold a feast, or banquet, and invite members of the exploiting class to come and talk patriotism and loyalty there. Only hoodwinked labor men, who do not yet know that there is a class war, do that. Only foolish labor men have gone to the coronation folly. Or, if they are not foolish, they are designing knaves, and are endeavoring to fool their old mates.

The Journalistic union, noticed in a previous issue, turns out to be an opponent of the Writers' and Artists' Union, which is registered and affiliated with the Trades and Labor Council. The members of the bogus union are superior persons, who would not demean themselves by affiliating with the Trades and Labor Council. They would rather be free to continue the dirty work of their toy masters, which true unionists dislike so much.

Judge Higgins, of the Federal Arbitration Court, recently illustrated the class-war in a forcible manner. He said he had the power to reduce wages but so far had never had occasion to use it.

"The reason seems to be," he said, "that the employer needs no court to enable him to reduce wages. He has simply to refuse to give employment at the wages which he thinks to be too high. . . . It ought to be frankly admitted, that, as a rule, the economic position of the employee is too weak for him to hold his own in the unequal contest. He is unable to insist on a fair thing. The power of the employer to withhold bread, is a much more effective weapon than the power of the employee to refuse to labor. 'Freedom of contract' under such circumstances is surely misnamed. It should rather be called 'despotism in contract,' and this court is empowered to fix a minimum wage as a check on such despotic power. The worker is in the same position as Esau when he surrendered his birthright for a square meal; or as a traveller when he has to give up his money to a highwayman for the privilege of his life."

We Socialists have always contended that it was a case of your "Produce or your life," and now, after long and persistent efforts to hammer that truth in, it is admitted even in Court. The next thing for the workers is to educate to stop the robbery.

Militarism.

The Manager,

Please insert the following local:—

Applications for registration under the Defence Act, 1909, are not coming in as promptly as anticipated. The attention of all persons required by the Act to enrol is called to an advertisement appearing in this issue, and we trust it will not be found necessary to enforce the penalties mentioned therein for failure to enrol. Forms of registration may be obtained at any post-office or police-station.

We trust that we have now fully complied with the request of the authorities. We have their side of the question. Now for ours! In the first place; as opponents of legalised murder, we rejoice heartily to learn that "applications for registration are not coming in as quickly as anticipated." We call upon the youths of New Zealand to remain "outside." We say to them:—

"BOY, KILL ONE HUMAN BEING, AND YOU WILL BE CALLED A MURDERER—despised and hanged. But kill a thousand beings in war—and you become great? Deluded women smile upon you, little children gaze at you, preachers praise you, politicians pet you, orators glorify you, capitalists grin at you, universities honor you, and the government pensions and medals you—but lonely war-orphaned children and war-orphaned widows, these despise you exactly in proportion as they understand you."

"Which would you rather be, boy, a dead and useless slaughterer of men, or a live and useful man of peace?—a dead butcher or a live Brother?"

"I extend to you my right hand."

"I make you a pledge."

"Here is my pledge to you:

"I refuse to kill your father."

"I refuse to slay your mother's son. I refuse to plunge a bayonet into the breast of your sister's brother."

"I refuse to slaughter your sweetheart's lover. I refuse to murder your wife's husband. I refuse to butcher your little child's father. I refuse to wet the earth with blood, and blind kind eyes with tears. I refuse to assassinate you and then hide my stained fists in the folds of any flag."

"I refuse to be flattered into hell's nightmare by a class of well-fed snobs, crooks and cowards, who despise our class socially, rob our class economically, and betray us politically."

That is our position. And now we await a letter of thanks from the Government. —*Social Democrat, N.Z., May 19.*

Notes from Adelaide.

BY H.S.C.

WE have once more some of the union misleaders in our holy city demonstrating to the workers how not to organise.

The strike of the employees of the Rope, Nail, and Barbed Wire Co. still drags wearily along owing to the incompetency of many of the union officials, and failure to recognise their common interests with the men on strike by allowing the members of their unions to openly scab on the strikers by handling scab goods.

Many of the so-called union leaders are suffering from the nightmare of the general strike, and are crying that the workers are not yet organised up to that standard.

These "leaders," by championing sectional, as opposed to industrial, unionism are the greatest stumbling blocks to the education of the workers to the necessity for revolutionary industrial unionism.

The Adelaide Driver's Union has set a splendid example of working-class solidarity to the other spineless unions of the Holy City.

Determined efforts were made by various carrying firms in the city to induce their drivers to handle scab goods, but in every instance they have been met with a firm refusal by each driver.

As a sequel to this, one of Graves and Co.'s drivers, W. B. Humphries, was charged with having refused to cart scab fruit, when ordered to by his employer. He was found guilty and fined 10s and costs—a total of £4 3s. Humphries has since stated he refuses to pay the fines or allow any one else to do so, as he prefers jail to scabbing on his fellow workers.

When giving judgment the magistrate stated that the "employee was not to disobey the lawful commands of 'his master.' If he did not care to work for a particular master he had his remedy and could leave that master's employ."

The S.M. should also have stated that he had to get another master's permission before he could work again.

This case has been very helpful in demonstrating to many of the thinking workers the uselessness of depending on the parliaments of capitalism, even though they be falsely labelled "labor," or upon sectional organisations which cannot help them in the class war.

Capitalist papers have been pursuing their usual tactics in publishing with "scare" headlines anonymous statements concerning the words used by Mr. Justice Higgins in his recent judgment in the case of the Federated Engine Drivers. As a result of these tactics the Victorian Employers' Federation passed a motion "strongly objecting to the reflections of Mr. Justice Higgins"; whilst at a business meeting at the Chamber of Manufacturers it was stated that Justice Higgins' remarks "amounted to the stigma that the employers, as a body were a pack of unmitigated blackguards." Meanwhile Mr. Justice Higgins explains that "in order that the public may not be misled; so far as he can help it, he has caused the whole judgment to be printed; and copies will be available on application to the Registrar; so that all who have impartial minds will have the opportunity, if they desire it, of considering the judgment for themselves." Mr. Justice Higgins admits that he is being constantly brought by the judgments he has to give in the Federal Arbitration Court into "the firing line of politics"; and that it is his intention to do his duty fearlessly, but he will also take such steps as may be necessary to preserve the dignity and efficiency of this Court. We as onlookers, await further developments.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

Sydney Jottings.

Newtown Bridge meeting on Saturday evening was exceptionally large. Walsh, Slade, and Rutherford were the speakers, and all put in splendid work, while the literature sellers disposed of a large number of papers.

The meeting on the Domain was one of the most successful yet held. Blumenthal was in the chair, and speeches were made by Rutherford and Wilson.

At the close a large sale of literature was reported.

The usual evening meetings at Market-street and Goulburn-street were held.

The speakers, for both meetings, were Riley, Wilson, Rutherford, and Slade.

Both meetings passed off without police interference.

South Australia.

Saturday night's meeting at Grote-street, Adelaide, was largely attended and the class war was well demonstrated to the audience by recent local events.

The sale of literature was highly satisfactory.

No meeting was held on Sunday afternoon owing to the inclemency of the weather.

Although it was such an unpleasant day, there was a good attendance at the Sunday school.

At night Comrade Swindley spoke splendidly on "Socialism and Evolution."

Next Sunday Comrade Landridge will deliver a speech on "Peace with Honor."

Answers to Correspondents.

W.M. O'C., Glenbrook—Pamphlets asked for sold out; selected others. Always consult latest list before ordering.

I.W. Cessnock—Sub received. Thanks for appreciation.

D. O'SHEA, Victoria.—Subs received. Thanks.

A. REES.—Next week.

The Press Fund.

Amounts donated to this Fund are devoted solely to liquidating the debt on the Printing Plant used to produce THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	87	2	3
J.B.	0	2	6
Rutherford	0	2	0
Per Mrs. Anderson (Book 52) C.			
Diedenicks 1s. H.D. 2s. C.			
Feldhusen 1s	0	1	0
Per Karl Druhmel (Book 55)			
Aug. Ruges	0	2	6
Per O. Jorgensen (Book 3) Athe-			
ist 1s, Muller 1s, Lundgren			
1s, No. 53 1s	0	1	0
Total	87	17	3
Advanced as Loans.			
Already acknowledged	5	0	0
Balance	92	17	3

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Party Premises Fund.

	£	s	d
Previously acknowledged	6	5	6
	6	5	6

All communications to be addressed to J. R. Wilson, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Propaganda Fixtures.

Sunday.

DOMAIN, 3.—Walsh (chair), Riley, Mandeno, Rutherford.
GOULBURN-STREET, 7.30.—Mandeno, Rutherford, Slade.
MARKET-STREET.—Wilson, Riley.

Saturday.

NEWTOWN BRIDGE, 7.30.—Walsh, Blumenthal, Whitmore, Blumenthal.
BALMAIN, 7.30.—Riley, Wilson.

On Saturday, June 3rd, the annual telegraphic chess match between Victoria and N.S.W. will take place. The N.S.W. team will be located at the Sydney School of Arts, Pitt-street. The public will be admitted free.

Schey's Scheyting.

Or, What the Jingoos said and Shouldn't, and What They Should have said and Wouldn't.

BY DANIELSON.

Twelve youths who have arrived in Sydney to follow agricultural pursuits under the Dore Aborigine Farm Scheme were welcomed to-day by Alderman Taylor, the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Mr. Hugh Dixon, Mr. A. A. Dangar, and others. — *Newcastle Herald*, April 22.

It's reported in the papers
That a jingoman named Schey,
And a school of smaller fry,
Cut imperialistic capers
At the Immigrant's Bureau.
They had landed just a dozen
With their immigration net,
Which by Whiggler Reid was set,
And the sharks began to croon
And orated at them so—

"It affords the utmost pleasure"—
Thus the Lord (Almighty) "Mare"—
"Yes a pleasure great and rare
To receive so rich a treasure,
And extend a welcome hand.
You will find this country teeming
With abundant wealth for you
(Not an idle, owing few),
Wealth beyond your wildest dreaming
Now awaits you on the land.

"Whilst those riches you are gaining
We are giving you to boot
Free instructions how to shoot,
And a military training,
That you may defend our shores,
To secure those riches faster,
When we've taught you how to kill.
How a brother's blood to spill,
We'll present to each a master,
Which you Britishers adore."

Then Sir Dangar thus orated—
"It's the British Empire scheme—
Our imperialistic dream—
As Sir Andrew's ably stated,
To begin war's noble game
And your presence is a portion
Of our plutocratic plan
To enslave each boy and man
By this 'labor' Plute abortion
For our profit, power, and fame.

"I'm sincerely a well-wisher
For the efforts he has made
In the interests of trade,
Of Sir Handy Andy Fisher
And his jingoistic crew,
For their loyal verbal thunder
On the rostrum and the stage,
To decrease the workers' wage,
And enable us to plunder
To enrich the owning few.

"Let's impress you, in conclusion,
With the very urgent need
Of your learning how to bleed
And to murder in profession
In the interests of Fat.
You abound in strength to labor,
(I have every name and weight),
So direct your bullets straight
When you're shooting down your neighbor
To enrich the plutocrat."

Then Sir Schey took up the running
And the substance of his speech
Was a jingoistic screech:
So you'll pardon me for punning
When I say 'twas 'labor' scheyte.
Yes, this labor cockadoodle
Long dilated on the joys
Which awaited all the boys
If observing due decorum
Whilst they're learning how to fight.

They should never growl or grumble
At their lessons or their work,
Nor their pleasant duties shirk,
But be loyal, meek, and humble,
As the farmer's sheep and goat!
He was earnest in explaining
That each infantile gabble
Would be taught to stab and shoot,
And should profit by his training
In the art of cutting throats!

He was anxious to impress them
They should murder man or lad,
But to *quibble*, oh, 'twas bad!
And the Saviour would not bless them,
For all gamblers were but swine;
They would layonet for Dangar,
They could hurtle shot and shell
Make the peaceful earth a hell;
But the Lord would look with anger
If they looked upon the wine!

NOTE BY THE WRITER.—Lest it be thought I favor gambling and drinking, I wish to say that I regard drinking as a pleasant but expensive way of going to the devil; and the pleasure is more than counterbalanced by the mental and physical pain. Also that I regard gambling as a mean attempt to obtain wealth without giving its equivalent in labor. These evils are also decryed by the bloodhounds of society; but if drinking and gambling helped them to open up markets for the surplus stolen from the workers those evils would be lauded to the skies, as the far greater evil of Militarism now is. The religion of Capitalism is: "Whatever pays is right."

*See Andy Fisher's Gympie speech.

Socialist Fables.

Empire Day Lessons.

BY W.R.W.

THE Minister for Public Instruction had been invited to address the children of the workers at a large public school on Empire Day.

He waxed eloquent on the duties of citizens and the glory of the Empire, which he said had been built up in the public schools.

He exhorted the children to be God-fearing men and women; to honestly labor in the calling in which God had placed them; to order themselves reverently and humbly before their betters; to be thrifty, hard-working, law-abiding, patriotic, and loyal men and women when they grew up.

They should be modest and unassuming, allowing others to sound their praises instead of sounding them themselves. They should be generous and kind to those who happened to be poorer than themselves, and he quoted from the scriptures, "Blessed are the poor," and "the meek," and those who are persecuted for "righteousness sake."

Then the great man had refreshments, and went home. After more refreshments, he called his own sons into his study for the usual parental instruction, and said, "In the struggle for existence, everyone has to fight, and you must push on through the crowd. Every struggler must use his or her shoulders."

If a better place than yours presents itself, just in front of your neighbor, elbow him out and take it.

Look how a steadily-pushing man in business, at a ball, or exhibition, wherever there is competition and a squeeze, gets the best place.

Get nearest the Governor if you want to shake his hand; highest on the grandstand, if you want the best view of the race; the first pew if you go to hear the Rev. Mr. Thumpit; the largest piece of ice, pie, or cake, if you are hungry.

What a man has to do in Society is to assert himself. If there is a good place at table, take it; a good billet at the Treasury ask for it.

You want to go to a party to which you are not invited; ask to be asked; ask A., ask B., or C.; ask everybody you know; and though they may think you a bore, you will eventually have your own way.

What matters it if you are considered obtrusive, provided that you obtrude successfully.

By pushing steadily, ninety-nine people in a hundred will give way to you. Only command persons, and rest assured that a large number will obey.

If your opponent's foot obstructs you, stamp on it, and he will take it away.

Never be backward, push to the front. Don't hide your light under a bushel. Let your voice be heard in debate, and if you talk loudly enough, a large number will be certain to follow you.

Follow these principles through life, and you will be as successful as I have been. Never believe those who tell you that humility is good, or poverty, or weakness. Such things are only told to the poor to keep them poor.

Assert yourself at all times, hold your own, and if possible grab everybody else's. People may hate you, but you will be rich.

Money patriots merely egg the others on to their death. They never do the fighting, and would not be patriotic if it were not for the prospect of personal gain.

Crying optimism when things are dead wrong is only seeking to hide a wound that may prove fatal. Make all things right and people can't help being cheerful.

New Socialist papers are appearing so rapidly that it is impossible to keep track of them. There must be some fire in the woods to create such a smoke. Yes, it's coming.

Righteousness might be written "right-use-ness." Using land or machinery for the purpose of forcing others to give to us part of their product is certainly not right-use-ness.

Charity in the original meant love. If there were only that love which provides justice, that which in these days is known as charity would be wholly unnecessary. — *Appeal to Reason*.

International Notes.

Austria.

At the Landtag elections in the Bukovina the Social-Democrats, one of whom, Hawrytschick, was elected, polled altogether 10,000 votes, a third of which were from Czernowitz.

Brazil.

Long ago the news was telegraphed that the Brazilian naval mutineers had been suffocated in a cell, but it was supposed by everyone to have been an accident. The *Correio da Manhã*, however, published an article, which has now been reproduced in the *Paris Temps Nouveau*, stating that the punishment to which these unfortunate men were subjected left nothing to be desired as regards cruelty. The "solitaries" are quite small cells, meant to hold one prisoner, who cannot stretch himself out to his full length. At the top of the door is a little grating just large enough for a breath of air to enter. The cells are completely dark. In these cells 12 to 14 persons were squeezed together so that the door could hardly be shut. They soon realised the horror of the situation, and began to cry for mercy. An officer who heard them went to the Commandant, Marquis da Raeha, and told him the frightful position of the prisoners. He replied: "Do not open the doors." After some hours the cries ceased, and in the morning the poor creatures were nearly all dead. Joas Candido and a few others were still alive, and were taken out and saved.

Germany.

Our old comrade Jakob Stern died a few days ago in Stuttgart. Stern, a Jew, who had been a Rabbi, was well known far beyond the banks of our party for his philosophical and scientific works, and especially for his excellent German translations and popularisation of Spinoza's works. Many thousands have been helped, through Stern, to a clear understanding of the philosophy of Monism—the unity of matter and spirit. In our political daily press Stern wrote even up till quite recently, though he was of a very advanced age, on the philosophic aspects of historical materialism. He was one of those who regard Socialism as much more than an economic system—as a complete theory of life calculated to satisfy all intellectual and moral needs. In the face of persecutions and hardship Stern came into Social-Democracy, and remained faithful to the cause till the day of his death.

Roumania.

Our Roumanian comrade Rakovski has found a refuge in Constantinople. But even there the police did not leave him alone, but arrested him one evening while he was having supper in a restaurant and seized all his papers. Some of the public in the restaurant, when they heard who he was, went at once to several members of Parliament, who went to the police and insisted on Rakovski's release. The chief of the Bureau of Security called on Rakovski the next day to apologise, and said as an excuse that he had received information to the effect that Rakovski was a dangerous anarchist. No one but the Roumanian police can have been guilty of this denunciation.

Ten thousand union textile operators have been locked out at Munster.

America.

Bert Connors and John M. Parks, prominent union men, have been arrested on a charge of attempting to wreck a building at Los Angeles, with dynamite, in September last.

The arrests of these men, through the agency of capitalists of that city, has caused a sensation.

Mexico.

By an immense majority the Chamber of Deputies passed a Bill providing an amnesty for political prisoners.

Peace prevails in the northern portion of the province.

Members of the Cientifico Party, who were deposed by the Maderist movement are thinking of commencing another revolution.

The affair at Torreón, during which 250 Chinese were killed is assuming an international aspect, as some Germans, Spaniards, and Japanese were also killed.

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Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Thursday, 7—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Thursday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executive.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

"YOU MUST ALTER HUMAN NATURE."

(There are certain folk who possessing no thought initiative, make up for the lack by repeating monotonously tags and platitudes which they have caught from others. Opponents of Socialism, who oppose it because they don't know what it stands for, but because their parson, or their doctor, or their priest, or their family lawyer, or their rich relation opposes it, constantly remark with borrowed sapience: "The thing is impossible; you would have to alter human nature." And they consider that that closes the argument.)

(Charlotte Perkins Gilman, a bright American writer, having suffered from this sort of person, dedicated to them the following poem, which tells of their kindfolk in thought in the Eocene and Neolithic periods.)

There was once a little animal,
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
Over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Eohippus.
And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value
When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpy old Dinoceras
And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
In days of long ago.
Said the little Eohippus:
"I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-tail
To run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail!
I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
On the psychozoic plain!"
The Coryphodon was horrified,
The Dinoceras was shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus
But he skipped away and mocked.
Then they laughed enormous laughter,
And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
Go view his father's bones.
Said they: "You always were a small
And mean as now we are."
And that's conclusive evidence
That you're always going to be.
What! Be a great tall handsome beast,
With hoofs to gallop on?
Why? You'd have to change your nature!"
Said the Eohippus:
They considered him disposed of,
And retired with gait serene;
That was the way they argued
In the early Eocene.

There was once an anthropoidal Ape,
Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him,
And gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
They said he was a fool.
Cried this pretentious Ape one day:
"I'm going to be a Man!
And stand upright, and hunt and fight,
And conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees,
To make my houses higher!
I'm going to kill the Mastodon!
I'm going to make a fire!
Loud screamed the anthropoidal Ape
With laughter wild and gay;
They tried to catch that bon-fun one,
But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
Which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with coconuts,
Which didn't seem to hit
And then they gave him reasons
Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages: "In the first place,
The thing cannot be done.
And, second, if it could,
It would not be any fun!
And third, and most conclusive,
And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature!"
We should like to see you try!"
They chuckled then triumphantly,
These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
With the Anthropoidal Ape.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
Unusually bright,
Unusually clever he,
Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbor,
Who were startled and surprised,
Said he: "My friends, in course of time
We shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities,
We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day
Without the natural cause;
We are going to turn life upside down
About a thing called gold!
We are going to want the earth, and take
As much as we can hold!
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
Outside our proper skins!
We are going to have Diseases!
And Accomplishments! And Sins!
Then they all rose up in fury,
Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one: "This is chimerical!
Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another: "What a stupid life!
Too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all: "Before such thing can come
You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!"
And they all sat back and smiled,
Thought they: "An answer to that last
It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind.

The Growth of Socialism.

BY EUGENE V. DEBBS.
Continued.

THE man who can look upon New York or Chicago, to-day, and utter such sentiments should blush for his perverted sense of justice, to say nothing of his total lack of humanity.

Many thousands of men, women and children suffer for lack of food and shiver in the cold in these typical capitalist cities, while the beef trust is crammed to bursting and the cotton kings of the South burn cotton to keep up prices.

Has the world ever heard of such monstrous iniquity—such unspeakable crime? In the name of all that has heart in it not yet turned to adamant, has human life any value, over that of the lowest grade of merchandise? And is it not high time to call a halt to the ravages of capitalism and give a little thought and consideration to humanity?

Let us briefly note some of the crying evils which infest the class-ruled society of the present day. First of all, millions are poverty-stricken, the result, mainly, of no work or low wages. The great book of Robert Hunter, on "Poverty," recently published, abounds in facts, supported by incontrovertible proofs, which silence all doubt upon this point.

In New York City, alone, fifty thousand children, when they go to school at all, go without sufficient and proper food, and one corpse in every ten is dumped into the potter's field.

New York and Chicago are filled with unemployed and suffering, and in the country at large ten millions are in want. In the shoemaking industry, fifty-one per cent. of the laborers receive less than three hundred dollars per year. In cotton spinning, the wages of thousands average from two hundred and twenty dollars to four hundred and sixty dollars per year. During the last year tens of thousands of coal miners were allowed to work but from one to three days per week. Fall River capitalists reduce wages three times in rapid succession, and lock out and starve their employees, for six months, declaring that they cannot afford to pay the high prices for cotton, while the planters of the South burn up the cotton to keep up prices rather than clothe the naked whose labor produced it.

The state of Colorado seethes with military brutality and reeks with political corruption because the mine owners are practically proprietors of the state and propose to do as they please with their own; and they who have the temerity to protest are branded outlaws and bull-penned, deported, or shot dead in their tracks.

The United States Senate is dominated by the special representatives of the trust and corporations, and several of its members are under indictment for playing the game of their masters in their own personal interests. Think of Senator Chauncey M. Depew reforming the abuses of the railroads, or Thomas C. Platt stopping the extortion of express companies, in the interest of the people.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company dictated the recent election of the United States senators from Pennsylvania, and the most flagitious political debauchery attended the elections of many others, such proceedings being regarded as so entirely in consonance with our capitalist-owned republic as to excite little more than passing notice.

Only a short time ago the John H. Reagan, the venerable ex-senator of Texas, in discussing the federal courts, said that he expected no improvement "as long as railroad lawyers are allowed to go the bench to interpret legislation affecting the management of the railroads." As long as the railroads are privately owned they will have their judges on the bench, and the government, that is to say, the capitalist politicians, will do their bidding.

Judge Reagan closed his sweeping arraignment of the courts as follows: "I have seen such gross perversions of the law by the courts that I have lost confidence in them and regret I cannot feel the respect for them that I once felt."

These are ominous words and from a source that gives them the weight of high authority.

(To be continued.)

Socialist Welcome.

CONTRIBUTED BY F. E. S. HEWISON.

ON Saturday afternoon, May 20th, the International Socialist Group extended a comrades' welcome at their rooms to our distinguished visitor, Comrade W. T. Mills, M.A. The hall was decorated with scarlet, giving it a brilliant appearance. Shortly after 3 p.m. the building was filled. Comrade Wenzel gave a pianoforte selection, the Socialist Liedertafel followed with "Comrades in Arms," and other well-applauded selections were rendered. Comrade J. R. Wilson

presided. He apologised for the non-presence of some of the musical force; expressed regret at the enforced absence, through serious illness, of Comrade H. E. Holland, the greatest fighter in the Australian movement.

Comrade Mills, soon proved his genius as a sparkling speaker, and a man of erudition; he thanked them for the cordiality and kindness of his reception. At the outset he said it had been on his programme to visit Comrade Holland the previous day, but some items had temporarily intervened. He would, however, visit our comrade, but was sorry to have to go to the hospital to do so. Hospitals were places from which one could always get out, but there were other places out of which one could not get; and Comrade Holland, to his honor be it said, had been in those places. His visit to Australia had been particularly interesting, although it had interfered with some things he had hoped to do, but we were never disappointed when good fortune brought something better instead. His mission was not to look for fields for profitable investment. His object in coming to Australia was to enable him to get in touch with the movement in this part of the world; he thought comrades in his country ought to be in closer touch with those on this side of the Pacific. He had had a splendid time; he had met splendid people and had learnt many things. Referring to the Socialist movement in the United States, they had experienced victories and defeats, some things had made them uncomfortable, while others demonstrated the vitality of the movement and the capacity of the members. There had been times when they had to abandon their movement, and build it afresh, owing to misunderstandings, but each time they had built it on a larger scale than before. A deal of educational work was necessary, and the first thing the Socialist advocate met with, in trying to explain Socialism, which proposed a new thing, was the fact that his work had to be purely educational.

As to the movement in America, the first organisation was the old International, which, after working for some years, terminated its existence in New York. Samuel Gompers had been a member, and the disputes which obtained within the ranks ended by their having to commence de novo with a new organisation. From the fragments of the old organisation was constructed the Socialist Labor Party. This party covered a wider field, and secured a considerable amount of strength, and reached the point of nominating candidates for Parliament. They had been able to poll 30,000 votes, when they fell into serious disputes, particularly with regard to the relation of their organisation to that of the trade unions. The speaker paid a high tribute to the teaching and influence of Debs, and of his work in connection with the Firemen's and Railway Unions, and described the great strike which had held up the commerce of the Mississippi Valley. He added that the soldiers had been brought out and Debs arrested, describing the trial of the latter.

In 1900 Debs became for the first time Presidential candidate, polling heavily. There was also a Socialist Labor Party candidate.

Since those days the movement had grown in numbers, and was in a prosperous condition. As regards the trusts, everyone admitted they were the one question relating to poverty—the one problem that is the dominant question in politics.

The Socialist movement was now so strong that they had recently succeeded in capturing the civic government of Milwaukee. Indeed, it was said by our opponents that no matter how easy it was to buy votes of others, it was no use wasting money on the Socialists.

The good work done in America by placing literature on the doorsteps of houses in the great cities was described, and the speaker recommended the practice here.

In California the movement was in a very healthy state, and last year they polled three-quarters of a million votes. Since then they elected several candidates in the municipal elections, and came within a 1000 votes of those cast for the Mayor at Los Angeles.

To-day, he continued, they had something like a million workers ready to vote their ticket, and the Democrats and others of the old parties were now on the horns of a dilemma, owing to the progress of the Socialist Party.

In conclusion he was glad to have met the Sydney comrades. The "Red Flag" was then sung, after which many had the opportunity of speaking with our visiting comrade.

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